

Letter and enclosure from Thomas A. Watson to Alexander Graham Bell, January 31, 1905

Weymouth, Mass., January 31, 1905. Professor Alexander Graham Bell, 1331 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C. My dear Mr. Bell:-

I did not keep a scrap book covering the telephone development period as you did, much to my regret, and so I have little except memories that could help Mr. Grosvenor.

I send herewith a cutting republishing the account of your Salem lecture and also a copy of "Waiting for Watson". I copied the latter from your old scrap book one day years ago, when I was testifying in the Drawbaugh suit.

That scrap book was fairly complete as I remember it, and if you haven't it Mr. Grosvenor could undoubtedly find it in the archives of the Telephone Company.

The Company must also have a copy of the first circular ever issued, offering telephones for commercial use. It was written by Mr. G. G. Hubbard and is a vivid reminder of the smallness of things in the beginning of the telephone's commercial life.

I enclose my two photographs as requested. Please keep the large one, but as I have no duplicate of the older one, kindly return it at your convenience.

I should be very glad to talk with Mr. Grosvenor about the matter and possibly my recollections would help him.

You have, of course, copies of the volumes containing the testimony in the various telephone suits. Almost all the important cuttings and letters relating to your invention are in those books. I should think they would be one of Mr. Grosvenor's most important 2 sources of information. The Company has them all, of course.

Library of Congress

The Boston Athenaeum has files of all the Boston papers of the period.

Hoping this may be of service to Mr. Grosvenor and with most cordial regards to you and Mrs. Bell, I remain,

Very sincerely yours, Thomas A Watson P. S. I am no longer connected with the Shipbuilding Company. My address is Weymouth, Mass. Enclosures.

LAWRENCE MASS., THE DAILY AMERICAN.

TUESDAY, MAY 29, 1877 .

WAITING FOR WATSON .

To the great hall we strayed, Fairly our fee we paid, Seven hundred there delayed, But, where was Watson?

Was he out on his beer? Walked he off on his ear? Something was wrong, 'tis clear, What was it, Watson?

Oh! how our ears we strained How our hopes waxed and waned, Patience to dregs we drained, Yes we did, Watson!

Softly the bandmen played, Rumbled the Night Brigade, For this our stamps we paid,- Only this, Watson!

But, Hope's by fruitage fed, Promise and Act should wed, Faith without works is dead, Is it not, Watson?

Give but one lusty groan, For bread we'll take a stone, Ring your old Telephone! Ring, brother Watson.

Library of Congress

Seven hundred souls were there, Waiting with stony stare, In that expectant air — Waiting for Watson.

Doubtless 'tis very fine, When, all along the line, Things work most superfine — Doubtless 'tis Watson.

And we'll not curse, or fling, But, next time, do the thing And we'll all rise and sing, "Bully for Watson."

We know that, every day, Schemes laid to work and pay, Fail and "gang aft a-gley"- Often, friend Watson.

Let's hear the thrills and thrums That your skilled digit drums, Striking our tympanums — Music from Watson.

Or by the unseen powers, Hope in our bosom sours, No telephone in ours,— Please, Mr. Watson.